

The Daily State Register.

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NO. II.

The Daily State Register.
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—BY—

PERKINS & STREET.

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THE IN-E AND STAR.

In the tropical seas,
There's a beautiful Isle,
With its sun and stars,
The sunlight and smile.

There the hymn of the leaves
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one,

Like sweet sounds in a dream,
There the song birds at noon

From thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts—

From the poet's full heart,
There the song birds at noon

Sit in silence unbroken,

Like an exquisite dream.

In the bosom unspoken.

There the flowers hang like rainbows,

On wild wood and hills—

On, still with them they roll—

In the depths of the sky.

There's a beautiful star,

Where no cloud casts a shadow.

The bright scenes seem to mix,

There the rainbow never fades,

And the dews are never dry.

And a circle of moon—

Ever shine in the sky.

There the songs of the birds

And the songs of the spiders

Are unceasingly heard.

Through the infinite years.

There the soft air floats down

From the aromatic bower,

All the fragrance of the earth—

Of Eden's own flow'r.

There truth loves her beauty

Immortal will be—

Oh, say, will thou dream!

In that sweet star with me,

—BY—*W. H. PRESTON.*

STATE INTELLIGENCE.

Humboldt.

(From the Silver State.)

The sum of \$30,000 was received by our County Treasurer last week, from Churchill county, as a part of the sum due for the strip of territory we ceded to that county in consideration of the payment of \$15,000. The cession was made by the Legislature two years ago, but this is the first money paid.

The Supreme Court has at last rendered a decision on the order commanding the Wa' le Lyon suit back to Humboldt county for further proceedings. The decision sustains the Court below and the case will be sent back.

The Arizona Company has just declared a dividend of \$30,000 for the month of December, and will probably do better for the month of January. One half this sum belongs to Governor Fall and the other half in trust to Judge Whitman, S. D. R. Stewart, James D. Major, and C. H. Hillyer, all of whom are in a fair way to become wealthy in a short time.

The Board of County Commissioners, before adjourning, appointed Dr. F. X. Banks, Public Administrator, in the place of James Buckner, resigned.

J. Ginea, who was elected County Surveyor, having failed to qualify, D. Van Lemmen was appointed by the Commissioners to fill the vacancy.

The Battle mine, at Galena, Battle Mountain District, was sold recently to a company of California capitalists for the handsome sum of \$80,000 gold coin. William Garfield, the Governor elect's appointee for Private Secretary, acted as the agent of the company in making the purchase and is understood to be a large owner in the same. The fortunate owners of this mine were George Geiss, of this place; A. T. Gibson, of Winnemucca; T. Thompson of Battle Mountain; J. J. Kellogg and A. T. MacLane, of Galena, and Mr. Crow, of San Francisco.

Frank Moyer, who was elected Justice of the Peace at Galena, since he has become wealthy by the sale of a mine, declines to serve his country in the humble capacity of a cross road Justice of the Peace, but intends making a visit to his old home in the States, when he will return to this coast and locate in San Francisco. The frequent sale of rich mines in our county is playing the very dene with our citizens, as no sooner do they pull up stakes and emigrate to more genial climes.

Etc.

(From the Independent.)

THAT DEAD BODY.—On Saturday morning last news came from La Moille Valley that the body of some unknown person had been found in that vicinity, and that it was very important that the Coroner should summon a jury and proceed thither with all possible dispatch and ascertain the "reason why" such dead person should be deprived of life, if such information came within the cognizance of said jury. After sundry preliminaries, one of Dorsey's four-in-hand teams was obtained and

loaded with six able-bodied men, and with the "speed of the wind" took the road towards the aforesaid La Moille. An hour's ride through a bracing atmosphere, with the thermometer indicating 46 degrees, below zero, over a road not remarkable for smoothness, with a team all mad and a driver that stopped at nothing, is than a missing bridge, they came finally to the spot where death had done its terrible work. Despairing with grave faces from the carraige to a Coroner's jury should always look grave, they surrounded all that was mortal of the unknown dead, and, as they gazed upon the sodden and mangled mass, one of that jury said soliloquiously: "Come in, in consequence of thy form, the exactness of your shock, the ocean's storm; come when the heart beats high and warm, with burning song and wine and glories, And then—"

But to come in this questionable shape, a century or more ago, with a thing but ribs poor, miserable scull to tell the story, is to say all hoist, damnable. And that was all there was of it a poor old skull (an Italian's), broken and whitened by the rays of the sun of a country, like those on the plains, and "torn, and mangled more," was that Coroner's jury's opinion? that cold morning we go and sit on that dead body.

"Handsome?" the germane older, who did the heavy work at the G. in Salvo, was asked by female "what Don Carlo was doing to-day?" "Doin' missis?" He didn't all "lone" today? "How that! Handsome?" "This way, missis. You see, day find a dead man's post mortals older in Molley Valley, an' do Coroner summons old man to mind, an' it's hard when he says 'Carrie hab ta tend do old'." "that hab on C.?" "Yes, but it ain't much poor old man's feeling when he got up to moseyin' and found his a-simmonin'." (Read de Coroner's report.) "I say, you didn't the carraige."

ASPIRATED.—Frank Coates, one of the young men arrested on a charge of horse-stealing, and who, it will be remembered, had his foot badly fractured in his escape from justice in the time, has had both of them taken off during the present week. Dr. Mills performed the operation, taking his left foot off just above the ankle, and the right one below the ankle, leaving him only a part of one foot to go on thereafter. The patient bore up under the operation amazingly, and thinks his present afflictions have bound to his good by making him honest man of him in the future. We hope so.

A lady traveler, disgusted with the depredations she has witnessed, writes:

"It may be Christian and civilized and all that for people to judge together, but I think it is most convenient and I think one reason can be found in the fact that the act of communalism of the less well born public blessing. Men will stalk about down the ears in a mediterranean woman will note. They join the curtains together, under a hook and eye, infatuated love, take out a hairpin, and after they are in bed draw of their curtains. Further they dare not venture, for if some wench have ears, tapestry must have eyes."

A SANDWICH ISLANDER'S HEAVEN.—Deacon Conant, a missionary among the Sandwich Islanders, says he has turned heaven to them as a place of everlasting rest, where would be no lighting, no war, no hunger. The picture and no charm for them.

"We are too old to desire a change in our life," said they, in substance.

"Go to the young men over there.

They are too lazy to skin the conger eel or try to get their food, they may like to go to such a place as you describe. Or to those follows here; they are cowards, and will be glad to go where there is no lighting.

We are not afraid of it."

A candidate travelling through one of the rural precincts of a certain county, a few days since, rode up to a farm house, and thus accosted a tow headed urchin who was seated upon the top of the gate post: "Bob, where's your pa?" The younger replied: "My pa's just gone down beyond the cow-shed to dig a grave to bury the old dog Tower. The darned old fool killed himself a barking at candidates for Sheriff. Be you one?" The candidate rode on.

Samuel Ireland tells of the misfortune of St. Dennis walking from Paris after his dissolution, with his head under his arm, but makes the miracle still greater by his mode of relating the story. He says: "During his pilgrimage he carried his head under his arm with much coolness and deliberation, and often kissed it by the way."

A letter from Paris in the Pall Mall Gazette, says: "It is strange

and painful to see groups of well-dressed women looking at the

windows of pork butchers and tripe

shops with the same eager curiosity

with which they used to gaze at rib-

bones and bonnets."

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